Shell Wilden.

A ROMANCE

"You don't seem altogether happy in here," a cheery voice calls out at this moment, as Shell's somewhat mocking face appears at the open window.

"Happy!" cries Ruby derisively. "Would you feel happy caged up with a couple of young bears? The children have been behaving shamefully."

"Have they?" returns Shell in a tone which denotes doubt, as she steps in over the low window ledge, and gently begins to stroke Meg's hair, which has become disheveled through her various emotions.

The child nestles up against her side, clasping her skirts firmly, as if for protection, while Bob indulges in a vigorous welcoming nod, for he knows he is not allowed to speak.

"Yes, they have given me quite a headache," pursues Ruby. "I shall be fit for nothing the rest of the day if I can't get rid of it. I wish you would hear the children read for me."

"Why should I?" answers Shell bluntly. "As you know, I disapprove of their coming here; and I told you from the first to expect no help from me!"

Shell speaks in French, that the children may not understand; but Meg guesses with the quick instinct of childhood that she is refusing to take charge of them.

"You hear our read, Self," she begs with a look of almost piteous entreaty on her baby face. "Me will be good."

Shell looks down for a moment with unrelenting eyes—then she catches Meg up in her strong young arms, gives her a resounding kiss, and turning to Ruby, says:—

"All right—if you are tired I don't mind looking after them till they are fetched—only I don't profess to be a good hand at teaching."

"I wish you wouldn't be so rough with them," says Ruby, rising from her chair with a sigh of intense relief.

"Now us is happy!" cries Bob, sliding down from his chair and stretching his small arms with delight as Ruby disappears.

"But us must go on with our lessons," says Shell gravely.

"All right," acquiesces Bob, as he begins to hunt for their reading book. "You sit down in the big chair and have Meg on your lap, like you did last time; and I can stand beside you."

"My dear children, isn't it rather bad for that kind of arrangement!" expostulates Shell, as Meg springs into her arms, whilst Bob installs himself with his arm around her neck.

But the children only know that they love her, and want to be as near her as possible; any such minor consideration as the state of the thermometer is a matter of supreme indifference to their inexperienced and consequently selfish little minds.

That evening, as luck will have it, when the children come in to dessert, their father begins to question them as to their conduct.

"I hope you were both very good children this morning?" he says, helping each to a plentiful supply of strawberries.

"No, pa—us wasn't berry good," falters Meg, with downcast eyes and burning cheeks.

"Dear me—that is very sad, Meg," says Robert Champley, with a laughing glance across the table at Ted. "How did you misbehave yourselves?"

"I didn't leave two times four," replies Meg, looking deeply abashed.

"That was extremely wicked of you," says her father smiling.

"And, now that Meg has made an open confession of her sins, we must hear your enormities, Mr. Bobby," laughs his uncle. "How did you offend Miss Wilden?"

Bob heaves a profound sigh.

"I did somethin dreadful," he says in a low shamed voice.

"Something dreadful!" repeats Ted, looking intensely amused. "Come—out with it."

"Papa, dear, don't be angry wid Bob —he didn't know," interposes Meg, suddenly, laying hold of her father's arm and hugging it vigorously.

"Dear me, this is getting alarming," says Mr. Champley with real interest.

Bob takes a kind of gulp to swallow down his fear—and then he says in an awestruck voice:—

"I pulled her hair out!"

"Good gracious—whose hair?" asks his father, looking scared.

"Miss Wilden's," explains Bob, much alarmed at the sensation his announcement had created.

"You young villain!" exclaims his uncle. "What induced you to attack a lady like that?"

"I didn't attack her," says poor Bob, on the verge of sobs. "I just pulled out her pins for fun, when she was setting my copy, and then all her hair tumbled down on the carpet."

"Not all," hastened to explain Meg— "only a lot of it."

Ted Champley is seized with a violent fit of coughing, which sends him over to the window for relief, whilst his elder brother as suddenly develops a cold, which necessitates a vast amount of handkerchief play before he speaks again, then he says quietly to Bob:—

"That was very ungentlemanly of

you, and if I hear of your being rude again I shall punish you."

CHAPTER V.

This threat from his usually indulgent father has such a depressing effect on Bob's spirits that he makes up his mind to eschew temptation for the future.

"Miss Wilden won't love you if you don't behave like a gentleman," continues the father severely, as an appropriate ending to his reprimand.

"Us don't love Miss Wilden," here interrupts Meg with great dignity—"she is a nasty cross old ting."

"Nonsense, Meg!" says her father, placing his hand under her chin and smiling down into her eyes. "If you don't love Miss Wilden, I am afraid you must be a hardened little wretch, for"— with a dreary sigh—"alas, she is only too devoted to you!"

Meg shakes her head in an uncomprehending way, and repeats, with a determined little pout:—

"Us don't like her—us loves Self."

"Yes, us loves dear Shell," chimes in Bob eagerly. "She tells us lovely stories."

"My dear misguided children, your affection for Miss Shell is decidedly misplaced," here interrupts their uncle, returning from his post at the window. "She doesn't like boys and girls at all."

"Not like little boys and derls?" repeats Meg, quite taken aback by such an extraordinary statement.

"No, indeed—in fact she gave me to understand that she almost hated them," repeats Ted, much amused at the children's look of horror. "So I strongly advise you not to waste your young affections on such an unresponsive object."

The warning, being clothed in words beyond their understanding, makes no impression on the children's minds, but their strong preference for the younger sister strikes their father forcibly, and he catches himself murmuring more than once in a wondering tone—"Us loves Shell; us loves dear Shell!"

After that it often happens that Ruby, under some trifling pretext or other, shifts the burden of her self-imposed task on to Shell's young shoulders— she has a headache, or is busy, or has letters to write; and then Shell, taking pity on the poor children—who are sure to have a rough time of it if Ruby is disinclined for them—devotes her morning to their instruction and amusement.

She bribes them to be good at their lessons by the promise of a romp in the grounds when their task is completed; and so it happens that Robert Champley, chancing to drive over himself to fetch them one late June morning, comes upon an unexpected and to him a charming sight.

On a mossy-grown mound at the front of a copper-beech sits Shell in a dark print gown, with her bright hair coiled around and around with daisy-chains, which the children's busy fingers have been weaving, whilst she tells them a wonderful tale from Fairyland.

So engrossed are all three that they do not become aware of the intruder's approach until he has descended from the trap and walked quietly to within a few paces of their resting place; then a shout of "Papa, papa!" from Meg rouses them all from their ideal world to a realistic one.

Shell starts from her lowly seat, crimson to the very roots of her hair, and puts on as forbidding a look as she can well assume.

"Oh, pa, it is so jolly; you come and listen, too!" cries Bob, eager that his father should participate in their enjoyment. "The princess is shut up in a dark room, because her wicked godmother won't allow her ever to see the sunshine, and the prince is keeping guard outside her tower with a carriage and six, to carry her away to an island blazing with light if he gets the chance."

"Rather trying for her eyes, won't it be? I should be inclined to recommend her a pair of spectacles till she gets used to the glare," laughs Robert Champley as he shakes hands with Shell.

But Shell has become fretfulest, she shakes hands limply, puts on a stolid conventional expression, and, drawing her small figure up to its fullest height, tries to look exceedingly dignified. Her efforts are somewhat marred by the daisies so profusely twisted around her head; but, as she is happily forgetful of their presence, they do not trouble her.

"Shell, dear, she didn't have blue spectacles, did she?" cries Meg, shocked at such a very unromantic suggestion.

"I don't know, I am sure," responds Shell in a tone of cold indifference.

"But us does know," cries Meg, waxing impatient, and shaking Shell's skirts in her anxiety to have the doubt settled.

"I am afraid my children are wearying you, Miss Shell," says their father rather stiffly. But I have just come over to carry them away."

"I find the easiest way to keep them quiet is to tell them stories," says Shell bluntly and ungraciously.

"I am very sorry that you should be put to so much trouble, particularly as you dislike children," remarks Mr. Champley, with a curious and rather

satirical glance at her flower-decked head.

"Oh, it doesn't matter!" answers Shell condescendingly.

"Now then, young monkeys—if you are ready we may as well start," he says, pointing to the trap which is waiting in the avenue. "I am going to take you for a drive right around by the sea."

"Take Sell too, pa," pleads Meg, catching her sister's hand and fairly jumping with delight.

"With pleasure, if she will only consent to go," is his ready answer, whilst he darts an amused glance at the girl's flushed vexed face.

"No, thanks—I hate driving," responds Shell curtly.

"You seem to have a great many detestations, Miss Shell," says the gentleman sarcastically.

"I have," is Shell's laconic answer.

"Well, then, since we can't persuade you to accompany us, we may as well start. Come children!"—and, making no effort to shake hands, he raises his hat politely.

A latent fear that she has been inhospitable assails Shell.

"Won't you go up to the house?" she asks almost eagerly.

"No, thank you—since I have been fortunate enough to meet with the children here. Good morning."

"Good morning," answers Shell stiffly, and quite ignoring the two little faces that are turned up to her for a good-bye kiss.

"Papa, us be naughty?" asks Meg as she trots over to the trap beside her father.

"I hope not. Why?" he demands absently.

"'Cause Shell didn't kiss us," answers Meg in a wondering tone.

"Kiss you!" repeats her father, laughing. "She looked far more likely to bite."

But, all the same, as he makes the assertion a memory of Shell as he first came to her, with sparkling eyes and smiling lips, and the two children kneeling beside her, rises before his mental vision.

"Well, have you got rid of those little tormentors?" asks Ruby languidly, looking up from her book as Shell enters the room.

"Their father has just come for them," answers Shell shortly.

"Their father—oh, where is he?" cries Ruby, starting from her chair. "I want to consult him about Bob's writing; and I must speak about the nurse; I am afraid she is not very careful—Meg's hands were quite dirty this morning. Where is he—where did you leave him?"

"He is down by the sea; I d'in't leave him—he left me," answers Shell drily.

"Why did no one tell me he was here?" asks Ruby angrily.

"He didn't come to the house; I was in the drive with the children, and he picked them up there."

"How very strange! But it is all your fault, taking them out the foolish way you do. I suppose you were romping like a tom-boy when he came."

"I was telling them stories."

"Anyway you were a ridiculous object," says Ruby, with such an obviously scornful sneer that Shell instinctively glances across the room at her reflection in the mirror, then for the first time becoming aware of her profuse decorations. With a sudden access of wrath she tears the daisies from her hair, whilst tears of mortification rise to her eyes.

"I wouldn't have had him see me so for a hundred pounds," she says angrily.

"What nonsense! I don't suppose that he even noticed them," observes Ruby with cutting scorn.

"Ah, perhaps not!" murmurs Shell with a sigh of relief; and yet, thinking it over, she remembers clearly that twice or three times during their short interview she noticed an amused smile flicker over his face.

CHAPTER VI.

Shell is in the now almost dressed stillroom of the Wilderness, dusting delicate china tea-cups with a clean glass-cloth. She is singing at the top of her fresh young voice, as the usual-ly does when working alone.

"Oh, here you are at last!" cries Ruby, entering the room with a victimized air. "I have been searching all over the house for you. Who ever would dream of finding you down here at the end of this long passage?"

"Anybody with an atom of sense," answers Shell blandly. "If you insist upon asking about fifty people to a garden-party, with only two servants, some one must give them a helping hand."

"Absurd exaggeration as usual; but if you choose to encourage their laziness of course they are willing enough to let you!"

Shell makes no reply, but placidly proceeds with her dusting.

"I said I want you up-stairs," continues Ruby in a different tone. "We have decided to wear those muslins we had for the flower-show, only they want altering a little, and some new laces tacking on."

"All right—only I can't come just now," assents Shell raidly—"the flowers have to be gathered and arranged yet; and cook is steeped to her brows in cakes—I promised to help her as soon as I had finished them."

"Oh, but the flowers must be done first! I'll gather the flowers if necessary," says Ruby in the vein of a martyr, "even though going out in the heat always does give me a frightful headache."

Shell reluctantly complies, and is occupied for nearly an hour, then having still many household matters on her mind, she rises in time for departure.

"Don't go yet; you know how I ab-

hor this sort of work," said Ruby sharply—her only work so far has consisted in watching Shell's deft needle darting to and fro.

"But, Ruby, I must—the tennis-courts want marking; and I must keep my promise to cook."

"Oh, we can manage now quite well!" remarks Violet cheerily. "By the way, Shell, what are you going to wear?"—looking up with sudden interest.

"I? Oh, I don't know—I haven't thought!" returns Shell carelessly. "My white serge will do as well as anything—at any rate it is ready."

"Don't wear stuff, it looks so hot; besides, that serge looks horrid since it was washed," objects Vi, who likes Shell sufficiently to wish that she should appear at her best.

"My dear Vi, don't waste advice on Shell—you know how self-opinionated she is. Besides"—with a slight upraising of her eyebrows—"she is such a child, it really doesn't matter much what she wears."

"Just so," assents Shell, shutting the door behind her; but, all the same, she goes away feeling rather sore at heart, for there is no small amount of contempt in Ruby's tone. Though her eldest sister has assigned her age as a reason for her dress not mattering, she knows full well that the tone also insinuates a vast want of personal attractions too.

Yet, if she only knew it, she has a charm all her own—the charm of a genial spirit and a warm impulsive heart, which peeps out of her clear gray-green eyes, and lingers amidst the dimples of her crimson lips.

All that long summer afternoon there is no thought of self in the girl's conduct. She flits about, finding footstools and seats for old ladies, getting pins and fresh flowers for girls who have come imperfectly provided, and generally making herself useful.

"When will you be ready for tennis?" asks Robert Champley, who has been watching her narrowly, though unseen, for the past ten minutes.

"I am not going to play," answers Shell brightly, as she hurries across the lawn with a sunshade for an old lady who has left her own at home, and now finds herself incommoded by the ardent rays of King Sol.

"But everybody says you play so well; and yet I have never seen you touch a racket," he urges, with a smile on her return.

"Perhaps that is how I keep my reputation," laughs Shell gaily.

"No—but, really, I like to watch good play; you might be obliging," pleads her companion. Truth to tell, he is beginning to take a deep interest in Shell, probably owing to the fact that she seems to take no interest whatever in him.

"Well, I will be," responds Shell, with a curious little smile; and then, walking straight up to an exceedingly pretty girl dressed in pale pink, she says gravely, "Nora dear, Mr. Champley is most anxious to meet with some one who plays tennis really well, so I thought I couldn't do better than bring him to you."

"Perhaps that is how I keep my reputation," laughs Shell gaily.

Five minutes later she is accosted by Ted.

"Isn't it a jolly afternoon?" he begins.

"Yes, only rather warm," agrees Shell, pushing her sailor hat a little farther off her brow.

"Come into the shade and let me fan you," suggests Ted coaxingly.

"How very kind!" scoffs Shell. "But I think I won't accept—it sounds so much nicer than it really is. Fanning only makes one hotter; and the midges are swarming in the shade."

"It seems impossible ever to say or suggest the right thing to you," says Ted with boyish impatience.

"If I have been rude I am very sorry," Shell returns thoughtfully; "but all the same it is true, you know. Fanning only cools one for the moment, and one is ten times hotter afterwards." As she speaks she saunters on a few steps by his side, that she may not appear too pointedly unsociable.

"By-the-way, I had almost forgotten," remarks Ted, laughing—"Bob and Meg charged me with a commission. I am entrusted with a mysterious packet, which I faithfully promised to deliver into your own hands;" and from his pocket he produces a small and remarkably clumsy paper parcel tied up with a bit of coloured wool.

"I think there must be some mistake," says Shell, looking at the proffered offering superciliously; "they probably made some blunder."

"On the contrary, I was particularly cautioned not to entrust it to your sister," laughs Ted. "I believe it is of an edible nature, and they feared the temptation might be too great."

Shell takes the packet reluctantly, and, standing still for a moment in the pathway, cautiously opens it, displaying to view some half-dozen chocolate creams of a decidedly crushed and not very tempting appearance.

For a moment a beautiful and gentle smile lights up her every feature; then she remembers with a start the part she is acting, and asks scornfully:—

"What on earth induced them to send me these things?"

"They probably thought you would appreciate them—poor children!" answers Ted, rather hotly. "They got a box as a present this morning, and wouldn't give me any save until I consented to bring you over some. I wish"—indignantly—"that I had thrown them away on the road."

"It certainly would have been wiser," retorts Shell, as she ruthlessly tosses the small bundle away amidst a clump of shrubs. "Children have

such odd fancies."

"I don't call that an odd fancy—I call it a generous impulse," corrects Ted, stoutly. "By the way"—looking at her keenly—"shall I tell them the fate of their poor little present?"

"As you please," answers Shell carelessly; and then, knowing the pain that would be inflicted by such a revelation, she adds quickly:—"No, I think perhaps you had better not. Some people imagine that children are sensitive, and I have no wish to wound their feelings, in case they possess any."

"In case they possess any!" repeats Ted, positively flushing with mingled anger and contempt. "You must be very dense if you have not yet discovered that those children are of a keenly nervous temperament."

"I know I am dense," admits Shell, with not the faintest show of annoyance or resentment. "As for children, I don't profess to understand them—probably because I have no sympathy with them."

Ted walks on beside her in thoughtful silence. It seems to him a sad pity that Shell, who used to be such a genial, sunny little creature, should have changed into the hard callous being now talking to him. He would like to account for the phenomenon in some way, and is contemplating the possibility of asking her if she has been crossed in love, when their tête-à-tête is cut short by Mrs. Wilden.

"Shell dear," says that lady, in a troubled tone, "I wish you would run in and see to the making of the coffee —it is sure not to be properly cleared if you are not there. Mr. Champley will excuse you, I am sure—he knows that we cannot afford efficient servants."

"I am only too delighted to find that England still possesses young ladies who are not above making themselves useful," answers Ted, in a bantering, teasing tone. "There is nothing I admire so much as domesticity in a woman. Most of our girls are getting so blue that it will be a blue look out for their husbands."

"Yes, indeed," murmurs Mrs. Wilden, as Shell, with a little toss of her head, walks away. Dear Shell is most useful—not very ornamental, but very useful—thoroughly domesticated, and such a gentle, kind creature. I often wonder how I should get on without her."

In the meantime Ruby, at the other side of the lawn, is listening to a piece of intelligence which causes her cheeks to turn pale, whilst she flutters her fan with increased nervous energy.

"You think the dear children need change?" she is saying in a tone of bewilderment. "I thought they were looking remarkably well; and the pets are always in such excellent spirits."

"Meg is not well," answers the father decisively. "She seems languid and heavy. The air here is very relaxing during the hot months; I think I shall take her to Scotland."

"Oh, not to Scotland—poor child— the journey would be so dreadfully fatiguing!" pleads Ruby, as she thinks with consternation of the impossibility of inducing her mother to permit her to go so far from home—for already her quick brain has formed a plan for following the children.

"Yes, it might be trying for so young a child," agrees Mr. Champley thoughtfully. "In that case I must be content with the moors or the North Devon coast."

"I should just keep her at home, and send her down by the sea every morning—sea-air is always bracing," observes Ruby, with a feeble hope that her advice may be taken.

"Mudmouth is the reverse of bracing," corrects her companion decidedly; "besides, it is not only the air—the children want a complete change."

"Of course you know best," admits Ruby, with a reluctant and despondent sigh; "but I always think that children are happier at home than anywhere else."

"That depends," remarks Robert Champley vaguely, and with a sharp sigh.

"Oh, yes, of course!" agrees Ruby eagerly; then after a moment she continues slowly. "However trustworthy servants may be, they can't understand everything."

"Do you mean that the children are in any way neglected?" he asks quickly.

"Oh dear, no!" laughs Ruby, with a playful head-shake. "I am sure their nurse is most attentive from all accounts—but you ought not, for instance, to allow her to choose their clothes. Of course she has no idea how to dress them—how should she,

"They seem very sensibly clothed to me," answers Robert Champley, but in rather a dubious tone—in fact a tone open to conviction. "As long as they are warm and comfortable, the cut isn't of much importance."

"But, my dear Mr. Champley, how can poor Meg be comfortable in a dress that allows of no free play of the limbs? Children ought never to be hampered by their clothing."

"Is Meg hampered?"

"Almost tortured, I should think, in her last dress. As for Bob, he ought to be dressed sailor fashion now."

"Dear me—what am I to do?" asks Robert Champley, half laughing, half in earnest.

"I tell you what," says Ruby suddenly. "I will make clothes for each of them as a pattern. Now please don't protest—it will only be like the fun of dressing dolls to me."

Of course Mr. Champley does protest, but, as usual, he protests in vain; and when he takes his departure from the Wilderness that evening he finds himself weighed down by a fresh obligation to Ruby Wilden. As for

Ruby, she is in great spirits—the only thing which troubles her in the matter is her total incapacity either to cut out or to make the clothes in question, seeing that in reality she knows far less how children should be dressed than the nurse whose tastes she has been criticising.

(To be Continued.)

ARE PEEPING AT A NEW PLANET

Local Astronomers Take Observations of Barr Witt's Star.

Luckily Chicago has astronomers of its own, who can see as far and as accurately into infinite space as can the astronomers of any other portion of the United States or of Europe, Professor Edward E. Barnard of the Chicago university and S. W. Burnham, once a professor, but now clerk of the United States district court in this city, have a world-wide renown as men of science and keenest vision for peering into the heavens. Being great discoverers themselves in that field, so soon as Mr. Witt, the German astronomer, announced his discovery of a new planet, they began at Geneva lake a search for it, which was not at first rewarded by a sight of it, but by much persevering they were at last able to make out the strange object. The original announcement of this new discovery was to the effect that Mr. Witt of the Urania observatory, Berlin, had discovered a minor planet with so remarkable an orbit that astronomers in all parts of the world would be led to give it earnest attention. This is already proved to be the case, as P. H. Cowell of Greenwich observatory, near London, has bestowed much pains in investigating the latest discovered planet, and has in a printed statement confirmed the most that was said about it in a Berlin astronomical periodical. In all the United States there is equal interest. All the large telescopes have been pointed to the quarter where Witt's planet was said to be discernible, but not all those that have used the telescopes have seen the object of their quest. Mr. Burnham some authority for saying that it is so very small, and at the same time so very swift, that it is almost impossible to see it, and next to impossible to keep eyes on it when it has been seen. It looks like one of the smallest of stars, and, said Professor Barnard, may have been observed before and regarded as a star, its motion not having been noticed. This was the case with far larger planets, as Neptune, for instance, which was observed erroneously as a star for a long period. The new planet revolves round the sun in a strongly elliptical orbit, between the earth and Mars, in 145 days. It is about as near to the earth as the moon, and is likely to be of great use in determining the exact distance of the earth from the sun. Its discovery was purely accidental. By photography a streak of light was detected and then it was known that not a star, but a planet, was in view. It seems that when astronomers know what it is they are looking for, and about where it is, they have comparatively little difficulty in finding it. The streak of light, very short and very faint, that was caught in the process of photographing, is, now that it is known to be light reflected from a planet, easily seen through to the planet itself. But it moves so swiftly that in barely two minutes it may be lost sight of behind the fixed stars. Interesting as this discovery is, Mr. Burnham says it is only one of 150 minor planets that have been discovered the past ten years. But this, more than any other, has an interest of its own, from its position on the constantly changing map of the heavens, so near to our earth, and also, apparently, so near to Mars. Every such discovery serves strongly to stimulate the astronomers, and in that fact is promise continually of other discoveries in the future of perhaps far greater importance.

NEW QUADRUPED DISCOVERED

Tough Skinned Animal Representing an Ant-Eater Found in Patagonia.

From the London Mail:—In these latter days, when people are constantly hearing of the threatened extinction of various tribes of animals, the news of the discovery of an entirely new species of quadruped is startling. The fact of the existence of a hitherto unknown animal has been brought to light by Dr. Florentino Ameghino, who for some time past has had reports of a mysterious creature of nocturnal habits brought to him by several Indians, and a few years ago the late Ramon Lista, while hunting in the interior of Santa Cruz territory, had the appearance of a strange animal, which he described to Dr. Ameghino as a pangolin without scales and covered with reddish hair. Lista's description tallied, as Dr. Ameghino knew, in many respects with the known characteristics of an extinct species, and this raised a doubt in his mind as to its importance. On examination of the specimen which was made so much of he found it was apparently bullet-proof, for it disappeared into the brushwood, and although instant search was made no trace of the animal was to be found. As no further evidence was forthcoming, Dr. Ameghino was inclined to think that the naturalist might have been deceived; but he has just received a skin from South Patagonia which proves that Lista was correct in his statement. On examination the outline which was embedded in the skin "like paving stones in the street," proved that the animal belonged to the pangolins, or scaled ant-eaters, familiar to naturalists; but instead of being scaly it is covered of course, reddish gray hair, while the skin itself, which is two centimetres thick, is so remarkably tough that it can only be cut with a hatchet. This explains why the bullet had no effect upon it. It is hoped that a live specimen of this interesting quadruped will be obtained before very long. Such an addition to the zoo would be a matter for congratulation.